The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke*

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EVEN THIS SHALL PASS AWAY

ONCE in Persia reigned a king,
Who, upon his signet-ring,
Graved a maxim true and wise,
Which, if held before the eyes,
Gave him counsel at a glance,
Fit for every change and chance.
Solemn words: and these are they—
Even this shall pass away.

Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand;
Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearls to match with these.
But he counted not his gain
Treasures of the mine or main;
"What is wealth?" the king would say;
"Even this shall pass away."

In the revels of his court,
At the zenith of the sport,
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried, "Oh, loving friends of mine,
Pleasure comes, but not to stay:
Even this shall pass away."

Fighting on a furious field,
Once a javelin pierced his shield;
Soldiers with a loud lament
Bore him bleeding to his tent;
Groaning from his tortured side,
"Pain is hard to bear," he cried,
"But with patience, day by day,
Even this shall pass away."

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue, carved in stone;
Then the king, disguised, unknown,
Stood before his sculptured name,
Musing meekly, "What is fame?
Fame is but a slow decay:
Even this shall pass away."

Struck with palsy, sere and old,
Waiting at the gates of gold,
Said he with his dying breath,
"Life is done; but what is death?"
Then, in answer to the king,
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,
Showing, by a heavenly ray,
Even this shall pass away.

—*Theodore Tilton.*

HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF THE COMING YEAR

"Redeeming the time"—Eph. v : 16

WE have a new year before us. The question is, "How shall we get the most out of it?" This is what the text implies by "redeeming the time," that is, buying it back after it has passed, keeping it when it is gone.

What a wonderful thing it is that we should be alive! If we live millions of years, nothing can happen to us more wonderful than this—that we have begun to be; that we are born into this great universe, infinite in extent, everlasting in duration, and filled with the presence of divine power, wisdom, and love. We have been created, by a divine foreknowledge and purpose, to be living souls, capable of knowledge, love, action, progress, goodness, joy. We have been placed in one of the many mansions of our Father's house to grow up into what He means us to be.

This entrance into the universe is such an amazing event that it might easily overwhelm us with its wonder. But we are so softly cradled into being that we do not feel the enormous change. As Wordsworth says, the little child is so occupied with the earth and its thousand interests that the outward wonders conceal from him the vastly greater inward wonder. But, to

make the most of life, we must see this wonder of existence. We must feel what an unspeakable gift was bestowed on each of us in that we live. Awe and wonder before the Infinite and Eternal, into whose presence we have come; a sense of divine beauty flowing through this universe of inexhaustible variety and novelty—these feelings lift up the soul, and create a boundless longing to see, to know, to immerse ourselves in this miraculous universe.

For the world itself is the greatest of all miracles. The year, as it comes and goes, is miraculous all through. Do not allow custom to stale to your minds its infinite variety. It is a miracle when spring and summer awaken Nature to a new life. Every tribe of living things, insects, the sweet sound of summer birds, the tenderness and grandeur of sky and sea, sunrise and sunset, the abyss of the midnight heavens, the stars in their solemn courses, all are miracles coming fresh from the Infinite Being.

Think also this: that each of us has been created for a special work; that each is an essential part of the great whole; and that, as the soul is unfolded and we are developed more and more, we shall find ourselves here for a special mission. Let us not think lightly of our destiny. Christ, it is said, was "before Abraham" in the purpose of God; he was foreordained, before the foundation of the world, to be the Saviour of mankind. But each of us was also foreordained before the foundation of the world. To one God gives ten talents, to another five, to another one; but the man who has one talent is not to hide it in the ground, for it is his Lord's, not his. Perhaps many a great shipful of passengers depends for its safety on the accuracy of its chronometer. But the chronometer needs not only its mainspring and attachments: the smallest pin out of place may make it go wrong. The smallest pin is necessary to the integrity of the timekeeper. So each of us is an integral part of God's world; if we are faithful in the least, we shall be made faithful in much. God may see more in the good work of his humblest child than in the loudly proclaimed virtues of the sages and leaders of the world.

Put your two mites into God's treasury this coming year. Do not say: "What can I do? I have no influence, no great means, no position. It is needless for me to try to be of any great use in the world." This is often vanity disguising itself as humility. Because you cannot do so much as others, will you refuse to do anything? If we would get the most good out of the coming year, let us take every opportunity which comes of loving God by helping man. Wordsworth says that it is

"His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love"

which make up

"That best portion of a good man's life."

At first sight, we seem to be enslaved by time. It bears us all along together, as a powerful current carries ships and boats on, side by side. We cannot get out of the present time. We cannot go back and live again in yesterday, or forward and live beforehand in tomorrow. We are held fast by the moment in which we are. A fugitive moment, it is presently behind us, and then the next moment takes possession of us. We cannot lengthen or shorten the hour, the day, or the year, by any effort of human wit or will. We are carried on together by the irresistible current, from childhood to youth, youth to manhood, manhood to age.

Though time always proceeds at the same rate, it often seems to go fast or slow, according to our mood. When we are idly waiting for someone to come, how slow the time goes! When we are very busy, and very much interested in what we are doing, how fast it goes! When we are active, the days fly by, the weeks hasten away, the years go like the wind. They appear to be very short while passing, but, when we look back on them, they suddenly become very long. A year filled with a variety of interesting incidents seems a long year to look back upon. One in which we have been going through a routine, with little excitement of thought and feeling, appears short.

From these observations we may deduce this rule: "In order to lengthen the year, put a great deal into it." Time, and what we put into it, somewhat resembles a chemical solution. Take a glass of water and dissolve salt in it. After a while it will dissolve no more; we say, "It is saturated." But, when it will dissolve no more salt, it will dissolve a certain amount of sugar. So you can put into a minute of time only just so much manual labor, but you can also add to the same moment thought and love. Some people, while working with their hands, can also converse, or reflect, or read. When Robert Collyer was a blacksmith, he used to have an open book by the side of his bellows, and read while he was working the bellows.

A minute will hold only just so much manual labor, just so much mechanical industry; but who can say just how much thought, emotion, imagination, and love can be put into it? It is, therefore, the action of the higher human powers which lengthens life; which turns an hour into a day, and one year into ten. Some of the greatest souls who have lighted up the earth have had a short life, if measured by years; but how long, if we consider the number of their great endeavors and accomplishments!

Not only genius, but goodness, lengthens out our days. How long are the lives of those generous souls who live for others! Most of us, each day, think only of what we can get or do for ourselves; but there are those who acquire the habit of helping others, of comforting, of adding

cheerfulness and strength wherever they go. To those who thus give, much is given in return—contentment, trust in God, confidence in their fellow men, sweet hopes, peaceful memories. Such lives may seem to have little incident, no adventures, you could not make the shortest story out of them; and yet how full they are!

To fill life full, you must open it upward, toward truth, beauty, goodness. Mere excitement is not life; for all excitements weary, and are succeeded by depression. The mere pleasure-seeker becomes dreadfully tired after a while. The hard routine of work, into which no love and no thought enter, and which is done from necessity, not duty, also leaves us in a lethargy. In order to "redeem time," we must look up, and not down. Seeking things below takes our strength out of us: waiting on the Lord for His higher gifts renews our strength day by day.

Whenever our soul touches the divine essence, which fills nature and life and is not far from any one of us, which includes us all, then we escape the penalties of time and sense. Every moment in which we obey the law of right and deny a temptation to do wrong translates us out of time into eternity. Then we come in contact with God. Every throb of disinterested love, every sincere struggle to do good, makes us, as the apostle says, "partakers of the divine nature." This is why Jesus says, "He who believes in me shall never die," and "He who believes in me has everlasting life abiding in him." But he meant by this, faith in that divine truth and love which dwelt in him, that heavenly spirit which was incarnate in him, that nobleness of soul which made him Emmanuel—God with us.

To get the most out of the coming year, we must put the most into it. And we put the most into it by living in a spirit of earnestness, doing with our might what our hand finds to do, not trifling with the golden hours, but receiving each as a precious gift from God. Only such earnest purpose makes the day a blessing, ensures progress from good to better, and causes us to live in eternity while we are in time. They are the happiest who value every hour, who put good work into it, who do everything now, and do it as well as it can be done. These make of life a fine art.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the scriptures might have hope.—*Romans xv: 4.*

We are saved by hope; but hope that is seen is not hope, for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it.—*Romans viii: 24–25.*

THE JANUARY ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

On the morning of Saturday, January 24, many of us who live in the eastern and central parts of the United States will have (if the skies are clear) a chance to see a particularly impressive eclipse of the sun. At that time the moon gets directly between us and the sun, and in certain parts of the country one may for about two minutes see the sun's face completely covered, as if by a circular curtain of black. In certain other parts of the country the curtain will cover it partially, not completely. The fact is that the moon's shadow will sweep over a part of the world, just as we have seen a cloud-shadow sweep over a bright landscape, and pass away; and people in the path of that shadow will see a very brief effect of night, so dark that the stars will shine.

The sun's disk is 400 times broader than that of the moon, but it is also 400 times as far away; that is why it may be hidden by the smaller body. This is easy to understand. Cut a paper circle as big as the palm of your hand, wet it, and stick it on the inside of your window. Stand back from the window about an arm's length. Notice what large objects at a distance, out of doors, may be hidden from you by that small screen of paper: a wagon, a tree, a distant house—it is quite surprising.

Twice every year the sun and the moon come into such a relation to each other and to the earth that the moon thus for a few moments shuts off sight of the larger body from observers on some parts of the earth's surface (that is to say, from those regions over which the moon-shadow sweeps). Astronomers make calculations in advance and know where to go with their telescopes and photographic apparatus—to some part of North or South America, some part of Europe or Asia, Africa or Australia, or maybe some place on the high seas, far from land.

Early morning, at sunrise or soon after, is the time for seeing this particular eclipse. The exact minute by the clock varies somewhat, according to where we live. In southern Ohio and northern Virginia all but a narrow, curved edge of the sun will be hidden. In parts of Georgia, North Carolina and Texas, not quite half the bright disk will get covered; in Colorado only a small bit will be hidden. Still farther west, in the Rocky Mountain district, the eclipse cannot be seen, because it is all over before the sun rises.

In any case, the effect is visible not more than two minutes. The best way to watch it is through a bit of smoked glass, made ready beforehand. Any fragment of flat glass a few inches wide will answer. Hold it over a candle or over the smoking wick of a kerosene lamp, and the lampblack quickly gathers in a thin film.

OURSELVES AND OUR NEIGHBORS

Washington, D. C.

One city in our land belongs to everybody. North or South, East or West, Washington is ours.

The location is about midway of our Atlantic coastline. That was carefully planned years ago, after considering first one already existing city and then another as a suitable choice for the nation's capital. How strange it seems now, when the Mississippi Valley and the Middle West, the Great Lakes region and the Rocky Mountain region and the Pacific Coast all have great cities of their own much larger than Washington, to think that when our first President laid the corner stone of the Capitol building in 1793 the vast lands west of the Alleghanies were almost unknown! But whether our journey to Washington takes us a few hours or many days, it is all one when we reach the city. It is ours.

Most visitors come by railway, though automobile travel increases, season after season. The ground on which the greater part of the city stands is rather low. It has not a setting of great picturesque beauty such as give many Old World towns romantic charm. But it does have spots of beauty, and for every intelligent American it has so much meaning that it makes its own place in the heart. The first glimpse one has of the majestic central dome of the Capitol, crowning the city's chief hill, is something one never forgets.

Many of our older Eastern cities have their original streets still running at all sorts of angles and with all sorts of curving directions; they began as villages and kept the informal fashion of village lanes while they were gradually growing into large towns. But Washington was begun with a definite plan, carefully thought out—not just a checkerboard scheme of streets crossing at right angles, but a checkerboard with the addition of regularly spaced oblique lines X, also crossing each other at regular intervals; and the result is that, in many places in the city, what might have been a mere crossroads-place from which one could move in four directions, like this +, becomes a star where as many as five streets cross. If we stand in Dupont Circle, there are ten different directions in which you may walk or ride from that one tiny park in the centre of the crossing-space—ten different vistas of streets and buildings opening out before one's eyes.

The first place everybody wants to visit is the Capitol itself, a splendidly dignified building of sandstone and marble, almost entirely white. It is so large that a walk merely around its four sides would mean covering a distance of half a mile. The older, central part of the structure, crowned by a glorious great dome, has at each side a very large wing reaching both sideways and forward, so that the general shape suggests wide-reaching arms of welcome. It is exactly what the legislative building of a great republic ought to be: simple rather than showy or pretentious, but noble, and serene, and beautiful.

The Representatives whom we help elect to Congress meet in their special hall in the wing on the south side, the Senators in the north wing. The Supreme Court holds its sessions in the central (main) part of the Capitol. Then there are additional buildings near by, where Senators and Representatives have their various private offices and their rooms for special committee meetings. A letter sent to the Representative or the Senator from one's own home district usually reaches him at the proper office building rather than at the Capitol.

The inauguration ceremony for President Coolidge will take place on the great east-front portico of the Capitol. A public park facing that portico gives room for thousands of people to witness the taking of the solemn oath to uphold the Constitution of the land and to keep faith with the millions of people whom he serves as Chief Magistrate.

Near the Capitol, in the southeastern section of the city, is a building that looks like a story-book palace; you enter a wonderful hall, all paved and faced with marble; stairs of marvelously sculptured stone lead upward; wonderful pillars of bronze hold aloft electric lights; beautiful pictures are painted on the walls and over the doorways—it seems like a place for royal festivals, but is really our national library, to which any one of us may go freely to read and study. Hundreds of thousands of books are either in the hands of some reader, or waiting on their appointed shelves ready for somebody's call. Newspapers from all over the United States may be found there—indeed one may (if he is equal to it) pore over newspapers and magazines in foreign languages, from distant cities all around the earth.

A long, broad avenue leads southwestward from the Capitol straight to another group of buildings that belong to us all. One is the White House, where every President since John Adams' time has lived. Washington, himself, chose the ground for it and laid the corner stone; tradition says that he walked through the unfinished rooms, on one of the last days that he went about, well and strong. It is a home of a fine Southern type, broad and low (only two stories), with a pillared portico over the hospitable entrance on the north side.

Certain rooms are used by the President's family for themselves and their personal friends alone, but other parts of the house may be seen

by anybody. The East Room is the largest and most impressive; several hundred people gather there on special occasions like a grand reception. President Roosevelt's eldest daughter was married there. Then there is a magnificent state dining room, where distinguished guests, Americans and foreigners, are entertained around a long mahogany table. Some of the wisest scholars and statesmen, the bravest soldiers, and the loveliest women in the world have been our guests there.

The President's office and the room where he meets the members of his Cabinet are in a wing of the White House, added not many years ago.

Very near this home is one of the most important of all our Government buildings, the United States Treasury. The guides say there are two hundred rooms on each floor and one can easily believe it, the structure covers so much ground; but a few of them are enough to give one an idea of the immense business that is carried on. We all know that our one- and two- and five- and ten-dollar Treasury notes say on their face that the United States promises to pay us that amount. Any one of us can test the nation's promise on any business day here in the Treasury's "cash room," by handing in the familiar strip of printed paper, and getting gold or silver coin in return. Down in strong vaults, watchfully guarded, millions of dollars in gold and silver coin are kept ready for fulfilling the nation's promise. Moreover, the national banks all over the country are obliged to keep certain amounts of gold and silver here, in the safe hands of the Treasury officials, to make sure that it shall always be possible to fulfill their own "promise to pay" actual coin in exchange for their paper notes.

And do we want to see how our postage stamps and our United States Treasury notes are made? That we may do by going to another huge building called the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. A special sort of paper is used for printing money: if we look at a fairly clean note we can see curious bits of silk fibre that form a part of its substance. The sheets of this paper are just large enough for four notes in a row; four are printed at once and then cut apart by machinery. The notes are counted and recounted by various clerks, so that it is impossible to make a mistake or to lose track of a single scrap of the precious paper. New notes have to be printed continually, to take the place of old ones too soiled and tattered for further use. Indeed they tell us that about a million dollars' worth of old notes come in every day from various parts of the country (usually through the banks) to be exchanged for new and clean ones.

The old dirty scraps are chopped into tiny bits and mixed with water into a pasty liquid; then the water is drained off and the pulp is made into cardboard for binding books.

If we visit the gigantic building that houses the State Department and the headquarters of the War and Navy Departments, we have a chance to see documents of quite another kind than Treasury notes—papers whose value could not be expressed in dollars at all: for example, Thomas Jefferson's first draft of our Declaration of Independence, as he wrote it out with his own pen, and with the additions made by John Adams and Benjamin Franklin. The original manuscript of the Constitution of our United States is kept here, too.

One of the most curiously beautiful things in the whole city is a shaft of white marble that rises from a park near the Potomac River, the tallest piece of stone masonry in the whole world, our monument to George Washington. It has a square base and stands, like a pencil balanced on the level end, with a square-cut point high in air, far, far, far overhead, more than a tenth of a mile straight up in the sky. A winding stairway and an elevator inside give one a chance to go up into the pencil-point and look not only over the whole city but long distances beyond the city in every direction—over into Virginia, along the Potomac River, up toward the heights of Maryland and down toward the blue waters of Chesapeake Bay, a part of the vast ocean.

But, wonderful as the view is from the top of the shaft, it is the monument itself which a traveler remembers more vividly. One sees it from every part of the city and its coloring varies continually, according to the direction from which one sees it, the time of day, and the weather. Sometimes it is a dark finger against a pale sky. Sometimes, bathed in full sunshine, it is white against a background of shadowed land and buildings. Perhaps most beautiful of all it shows itself against a gorgeous sunset. Always it seems to point silently upward, to remind us of ideals not yet fulfilled, to save us from national vanity and too easy self-satisfaction. It is a sort of prayer in stone, that our beloved United States may gradually become more and more alive to the chance God gives her to help work out His plans for our human race!

"America, America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!"

Be strong and of a good courage; fear not nor be afraid, for the Lord thy God he it is that doth go with thee; he will not fail thee nor forsake thee.—*Deut. xxxi: 6.*

A GAME OF FINDING OUT

On a winter night when rain or snow, blowing through the outer air, makes home seem especially cozy, some fathers and mothers may like to be reminded of an old game in which the whole family can join. It is old, yet always new, for the questions and answers will vary each time that it is played. And the beauty of it, for a home game, is that it may be made very simple at the start and—if one chooses—gradually become more and more fascinating as the players get courage to try things less simple, which give a chance to use everybody's very best thinking-power.

Some one person—mother, for instance—thinks of a thing right there in the room. The others begin to ask her questions that can be answered by "Yes," or "No," or "I don't know." Those words are all she is allowed to reply. The question-askers may take turns or not; if they do not wait for turns it is because each one tries to be the first to find out what the secret thing is. Each questioner should, of course, pay attention to what the others ask, so as to avoid useless repeating of questions that have already been disposed of.

For example, questions like these may very likely be fired at mother—and the faster the better.

Question—Is it something that we have seen, ourselves?
Answer—Yes.
Q.—Is it in this house?
A.—Yes.
Q.—Is it upstairs?
A.—No.
Q.—Is it in this room?
A.—Yes.
Q.—Is it on the floor?
A.—No.
Q.—Is it white?
A.—No.
Q.—Is it dark-colored?
A.—Yes.
Q.—Is it wooden?
A.—No.
Q.—Is it useful?
A.—Yes.
Q.—Can it move?
A.—Yes.
Q.—Is it something alive?
A.—No.
Q.—Is it as big as I am?
A.—No.
Q.—Is it in plain sight?
A.—Yes.
Q.—Is it the clock?
A.—No.
Q.—Is it some part of the clock?
A.—Yes.
Q.—Is it the hour hand?
A.—No.
Q.—Is it the minute hand?
A.—Yes!

The person who asked the right question now takes his turn at thinking of something for the others to find out. Just for illustration, we will suppose father chooses something a bit harder and even more fun. Perhaps the questions and answers may chance to run somewhat like this:

Question—Is it something in this room?
Answer—No.
Q.—Is it anywhere in this house?
A.—No.
Q.—Did we ever see it?
A.—No.
Q.—Did you ever see it yourself?
A.—No.
Q.—Is it somewhere in the United States?
A.—Yes.
Q.—Does it belong to anybody in particular?
A.—Yes.
Q.—Is it alive?
A.—Yes.
Q.—Is it a man?
A.—No.
Q.—Is it a woman?
A.—No.
Q.—Is it a child?
A.—No.
Q.—Has it something to do with a real person?
A.—Yes.
Q.—Does it belong to the person?
A.—Yes.
Q.—Is it a part of him?
A.—Yes.
Q.—Is it somebody's head?
A.—No.
Q.—Is it any part of his head?
A.—Yes.
Q.—Is it his eyes—or one of his eyes?
A.—Yes.
Q.—Is it the right eye?
A.—Yes.
Q.—Is the person a man?
A.—Yes.
Q.—Have we ever heard of him?
A.—Yes.
Q.—Is he in public life?
A.—Yes.
Q.—Is it the right eye of President Coolidge?
A.—Yes!

Try it with your own home group, and soon questions and answers will fly through the air like dry leaves in the wind.—*Harriet M. Barney.*

Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people and for the cities of our God; and the Lord do that which seemeth to him good.—*II Samuel x: 12.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass. Tel. Granite 1140

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary that letters be written with ink.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share towards a friendly understanding.

OFFERS

For any of the following books apply to Mrs. William M. Brown, 136 Union Street, Montclair, N. J.

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Study of the Bible. Charles Foster.
In the Hands of the Red-Coats. Tomlinson.
Milton's Prose Writings.
Personal Memories of U. S. Grant. (2 vols.)
A Blind Man's Offering. Bowen.
Michael Strogoff. Jules Verne.
The Gurneys of Earlham. Hare. (2 vols.)
The Land of the Book. Thomson. (2 vols.)
Thiers' Napoleon. (5 vols.)
Junior Bible Teacher.
Keats' Poems.
The Bath Comedy. Castle.
Curious Questions. Rev. H. A. Braun.
Sir Launcelot and His Companions. Howard Pyle.
The Spirit of the Ghetto. Hapgood.
History of the United States. Hale.
Essays. Lord Bacon.
Plain Tales. Holland.
Study of Habits. Sheldon.
The Arcane Philosophy.
Elements of Moral Science. Wayland.
Where Dwells the Soul Serene. Davis.
Sales-Promotion.
Religion of a Literary Man. R. LeGalliene.
The Heart of the World. (*Illustrated.*)
The World Beautiful. Whiting.
Modern English Literature. Gosse.
Theological Essays. Noyes.
Heroes of the Faith. Gates.
Emerson's Essays.
Sartor Resartus. Carlyle.
Lectures to Young Men. Clark.
Addresses. Drummond.
John Ploughman's Talk.
Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. O. W. Holmes.
Mysticism and Magis in Turkey. Garnett.
Mile-Stones on our Life Journey.
Innocents Abroad. Mark Twain.
The Jungle. Upton Sinclair.
Men of Our Times. H. B. Stowe.
Mendelssohn's Letters.
Out to Old Aunt Mary's. Riley.
Marvels of Natural History.
The Bible in Picture and Story.
George Washington Gift Book.
Wide Awake. (*Illustrated.*)
Wide Awake Pleasure Book.
Kin Folk.
Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn.
Robinson Crusoe. Defoe.
Swiss Family Robinson.
Love. Emerson.
The Need of Change. Street.
From Blackboard to Books.
Peck's Bad Boy. G. W. Peck.
Story of the Other Wise Man. Van Dyke.
Little Masterpieces. Irving.
Words of Washington.
Helps to Right Living. Newcomb.
Mark Seaworth. Kingston.
Modern Imitation of Christ. Linton.

Female Poets of Great Britain. Rowton.
Tippoo Tib. H. Brode.
Representative Men. Emerson.
Success Is for You. Quigley.
The Joy of Service. Miller.
Imitation of Christ. Thomas à Kempis.
Through the Mists. Lees.
First Lessons On the Bible. E. H. Hall.
The Imperial Republic. Fernald.
Robert Browning's Poems.

REQUESTS

1. Mr. H. H. Lightfoot, Boyce, Ky., asks for suitable reading for a man of 30 years.

2. Harlan Board, Boyce, Ky., a young man of 19, would like good reading.

3. Nelva Lester, Floyd, Va., 14 years of age, in the first year of high school, is in need of a dictionary. Her mother is very ill in the hospital, so she cannot get to school regularly.

4. "Bringing Up Father" is asked for by Artie Fielder, Rector, Ark.

5. Mrs. Clara Board, Boyce, Ky., asks for sacred music for a quartette.

6. The *Geographic Magazine* is asked for by Helen Brammer, Glade Hill, Va.

7. The *American Magazine, Youth's Companion, Geographic* or *American Forestry* is asked for by Mrs. P. J. Francis, Howe, Texas.

8. Mrs. D. G. Shaw, Kerr, N. C., would like very much to receive *Good Housekeeping.*

9. The *Youth's Companion* is desired by Mrs. F. M. Todd., Longford, Kans.

10. Mrs. G. W. Shannon, Lenox, Ga., with two children—Virginia, 4 years, and George, Jr., 16 months—will be grateful for magazines, quilt scraps, and cards for the children.

11. Mrs. Pearl Austin, Marshville, N. C., Route 5, would like light reading.

12. Minnie Starling, Berwind, W. Va., an orphan 18 years of age, living with her uncle, would enjoy reading and letters.

13. Mrs. Cassie Elgin, Dodson, Va., Route 1, a widow, gets very lonely by herself, and will appreciate good books and magazines.

14. I am a young mother with two small children—Jackie, aged 2 years, and baby, 6 weeks. My husband works away from home most all the time. I would like so much to get some good magazines, and I would be glad of silk and velvet scraps. Anything for the babies will be gladly received. For reference I give Rev. Isaac Watts, Boomer, N. C. (Mrs.) Cola Pearson, Boomer, N. C., Route 2.

15. Mrs. Ellen Pearson, at the same address, asks for books for her boys, 13, 11, and 9.

16. I am a widow 69 years of age and feeble, as I have bronchial trouble and cough so much. I would appreciate any good reading or a Bible, also scraps to work at when I am lonely. (Mrs.) Onie Vaughan, Stuart, Va., Route 5.

17. I am an invalid, lonely and sad; would like to receive books and magazines and scraps for quilts, also cards for young people. Do let me hear from you. Lina Eastridge, Clifton, N. C.

18. I am writing to you for Mrs. W. E. Barker's children, as their mother departed this life, November 19. She leaves a husband and four sweet little children to be comforted and cheered. Mr. Barker's mother is living with him to help care for the home and the little ones. The oldest child is 6 years, the youngest, 2 months old, a girl baby named Norma Edith. They will appreciate your kind offerings. Send their mail to W. E. Barker, Box 16, Dott, W. Va.

19. I am a schoolgirl 14 years of age, in the seventh grade. My father is dead. I would be glad to get books and also to correspond with some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. Minnie Baliles, Route 5, Stuart, Va.

20. I am the mother of eight children, seven living,—two boys, five girls,—the oldest a boy of 13 years. I would appreciate quilt pieces, embroidery thread, and literature, if you could send them. (Mrs.) C. P. Ross, Route 1, Peachland, N. C.

21. Mrs. Willie Willmer of Buena Vista, Va., would appreciate books to read. She is a mother of six children, afflicted from birth, and has a sickly husband.

22. I have been a correspondent of the C. L. Exchange for some time, and thank all who have remembered me, although I haven't been so I could write every one and tell them so. I have always answered all who sent stamps, and, whenever I could, have written to others. I would appreciate a Bible; mine is so old it just dropped to pieces. This has been a very bad season, as you have already heard. It rained so much we didn't make much crop; it was so

with nearly everybody. I should appreciate some quilt pieces—calico or ginghams, or even shirt-tails, anything that will do to cover quilts with; and a few books, if I am not asking too much, perhaps *St. Elmo*, or *Faithful Shirley*, the *Hero of the Hill House* or *Pollyanna Grown Up*. At any time I love to read. (Mrs.) H. C. Phillips, Amherst, Va. Route 3, Box 71.

23. I would be pleased to be included in your *Cheerful Letter* list, books, or magazines, or quilt scraps. I live in the Ozark Mountains of Arkansas, 40 miles from the railroad, on a homestead, and would greatly appreciate any of the above articles named, to while away the long winter which is ahead of me. For reference I refer you to Rev. E. G. Waddle of this place. (Mrs.) W. J. Loudermilk, Copeland, Ark.

24. I would appreciate anything that would help in my school work. I am studying geometry, chemistry, American history, and American literature. Would like to receive the *Literary Digest*, and anything else helpful. I would also like a dictionary of any kind. I am 19 years of age. There are five children at home who would appreciate any help. Della Brown, Shamrock, Texas, Route 1, Box 74.

25. As I have changed my address, I will be glad if you will publish my letter in the paper, so that mail will be sent to my correct address. Any reading and scraps, or things for the children, will be highly appreciated. Many thanks to you for your past favors. (Mrs.) J. G. Hartsoe, Dott, W. Va. My home address is Jefferson, N. C.

26. I am the mother of five children—Arthur, aged 14; Fannie, 12; Dora, 8; Gladys, 5; Arvil, 3. I live out in the country. My husband works hard, and we would enjoy reading-books, pictures, cards, and patch pieces for quilts—silk or cotton, velvet or ginghams. May the Lord bless the friends! (Mrs.) Bell Ranbo, Crandall, Tenn., Route 1.

27. I want to thank all the *Cheerful Letter* friends for their kindness in sending reading matter, cards, and the box of scraps for quilts. They are all appreciated very much. The addresses of some who sent packages were worn so it was impossible to write to them, so I concluded to write to the *Cheerful Letter*, and they will read it. Many thanks and best wishes to all! (Mrs.) Margaret Johnson, Route 2, Box 7, Whitetop, Va.

28. I live with my grandmother in the country, and we would appreciate reading matter, books and scraps for quilts. I would also like to correspond with someone. (Miss) Georgie Kiker, Peachland, N. C.

29. I am a farmer's wife, and am very lonely when my husband is away, as I have no children. I would indeed like to receive any good reading. I would also appreciate scraps for quilts. Would be pleased to correspond with some lady. (Mrs.) Alomae Nevens, Crumpler, N. C., Route 2.

30. Mrs. J. E. Gough, Lemon Springs, N. C., enjoys magazines and piecing quilts.

31. I am 36 years old, and have one little girl 10 years old. My health is so bad I cannot work like I once did, but try still to make the best I can. I belong to the Union Baptist Church. If you will accept me as a friend I will be awful glad, I have such a hard time. There is nothing like friends. (Mrs.) Maggie Elliott, Clifton, N. C.

32. We are two little girls who would be so glad to receive flower seeds or plants of any kind. We want to have a flower garden with flowers from every state. We would like to have embroidery or crochet thread, also bits of ribbon for our dolls. We live 45 miles from the railroad and 20 miles from a town. We send Rev. E. J. Waddle as reference. Alice (10) and Enid (8) Watson, Copeland, Ark.

Their mother says: I am writing to thank all who have sent me patches and reading. It has been greatly enjoyed, and I hope to be remembered this winter with patches and reading. Any books are highly appreciated, especially those that would do for a library for school children in second to fifth grades. Our school is in need of reading for those grades. I hope the friends will remember us, as it is dull here for the children, so far from a railroad. (Mrs.) Hazel Watson.

33. I have been sick for the last few weeks; am not able to be out much. I would appreciate some pieces for quilts. My oldest girl, Elsie, goes to school, and the youngest, Esther, gets lonesome while she is away. She would appreciate cards or pictures to play with while Elsie is at school. I wish you all a Happy New Year. (Mrs.) C. W. Foley, Bassett, Va., Box 68.

34. Mrs. Cozie McCutcheon, Copeland, Ark., will be glad of reading and quilt scraps.

35. Mrs. A. L. Wann, Forreston, Texas, would like the *Ladies' Home Journal*, also something for her two little girls—Kathleen, aged 11, and Loreet, 3.

36. Mrs. Dora Davis, Polkton, N. C., Route 2, Box 40, her husband in bad health, is herself

feeble. She asks for magazines, which they will enjoy.

37. Mrs. J. M. Adamson, Bowdon, Ga., Route 3, writes: We live in a settlement most folks call the mountains; it sure is a lonesome place. I do not go anywhere, especially in winter. I have two little children. Reading is our only pleasure, and we cannot afford to buy. Will some one send us interesting stories, and also a detective story?

38. Mrs. Mary Curry, Spencer, Va., writes from a grateful heart for the cards and pictures sent her children, and asks for quilt scraps, as she is unable to work.

39. Thanks to all who have sent me literature in the past! I should be glad to receive the *Cheerful Letter*, and the *Woman's Home Companion*, or any other high-toned magazine. My address is changed from Spencer, Va., to Madison, N. C., Route 3, care of C. B. Peatross. (Miss) A. Augusta Peatross.

OTHER CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Emma Easland, from Sioux Falls to Linngrove, Iowa, Route 4.

Mrs. Nellie Sizer, from Rhodesville, Va., to Hickory, Norfolk Co., Va., Route 3, care E.R. Clark.

GIRL SCOUTS AND THE BABIES

THAT Girl Scouts are experienced baby tenders became known when it was announced that during last year alone more than a thousand Scouts received merit badges for child nursing. And these badges were not earned by occasionally watching little brother to see that he did not wander away while mother and father went to the movies, but by really mastering the latest scientific methods of feeding, amusing, bathing, dressing and putting him to bed. And when Jane had no brother of her own to care for she helped out the district nurse. No merit badges are awarded in the Girl Scout organization until a rigid examination given by experts has been passed. In the case of child-nursing, a Red Cross or hospital nurse is usually the judge.

Mayor Hylan commended the ideals of the Girl Scout organization to the attention of the public when he officially set aside the period from the 14th to the 24th of last November as Girl Scout week.

"Girls, if they are normal," said Miss H. May Sears, Executive Secretary of the Association of Day Nurseries, in speaking of Girl Scout Nursery Day, "all look foward to marriage as the supreme period in life. And so it is if their early years have been filled with wise preparation. The little mothers of today are the real mothers of tomorrow, and in these troubled times it gives one courage for the future to know that during last year alone the Girl Scout organization awarded merit badges to 1,355 girls who successfully learned to feed, bathe, dress and put to bed, nurse and generally care for children. A girl who finds little children an annoyance is a girl who has been denied her right to those associations and activities which give her a normal and healthy interest in the most winsome of all creatures—the baby. A number of Scouts have each year taken a course of training in the day nurseries, and often give volunteer service in entertaining the children."—*News Note from New York City.*

THE THREE BUGS

THREE little bugs in a basket,
And hardly room for two!
And one was yellow and one was black,
And one like me or you.
The space was small, no doubt, for all,
But what should three bugs do?

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly crumbs for two,
And all were selfish in their hearts,
The same as I or you;
So the strong ones said, "We'll eat the bread,
And that is what we'll do."

Three little bugs in a basket,
And the beds but two would hold,
So all three fell to quarreling—
The white, the black, and the gold;
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
And one was out in the cold.

So he that was left in the basket
Without a crumb to chew,
Or a thread to wrap himself withal,
When the wind across him blew,
Pulled one of the rugs from one of the bugs,
And so the quarrel grew.

And so there was war in the basket—
Ah, pity 'tis, 'tis true;
But he that was frozen and starved at last
A strength from his weakness drew;
And he pulled the rugs from both of the bugs,
And killed and ate them, too!

Now, when bugs live in a basket,
Though more than it well can hold,
It seems to me they had better agree,
The white, the black, and the gold,
And share what comes of the bread and the crumbs,
And leave no bug in the cold!

—*Alice Cary.*

TO SCHOOL BY AIRPLANE

STATE LIBRARIAN DUNNACK is a gentleman of vision and, looking ahead, he expresses the belief that in fifty years the country children will be going to school by airplane. Very possibly Mr. Dunnack is correct and, if he is, will it be for the advantage of the pupils? And is it for the benefit of the pupils to ride to and from school by automobile?

In support of the affirmative it may be advanced that through the use of a motor car, or half a century hence of an aeroplane if Mr. Dunnack is correct, country pupils may have the advantage of much better schools than exist in their immediate communities; they can return to their homes after their school day is over and save rent, and they are able to save time, all distinct advantages.

The negative argument is distinctly neg tive, for about all that can be offered is the suggestion that if an education is too easily obtained it may not be sufficiently appreciated. It is probably true that pupils who are compelled to make sacrifices to obtain an education show the best progress. The proof of this assertion is found in a recent survey involving 20,000 high school pupils representing every state, which disclosed that farm children make better progress than other children through high school. Their percentage of elimination is lower, an evidence that the farm pupils are more appreciative of educational opportunities than the children of the cities.—*Bangor* (Maine) *Commercial.*

WHERE A VOTE MEANT SOMETHING

IT might not be a bad idea to have many electoral units in the United States parallel the Indiana vote for Supreme Court judge from the First District. The winner received 601,681 votes and the loser 601,680. Each voter on the winning side doubtless flatters himself by believing that it was his own vote which gave the majority to the successful candidate. But apart from the personal interest which each of these complacent citizens will take in the career of "his" judge, the unprecedentedly close returns tell everyone who has a brain to think with that the right to vote has a real meaning. The folk in that district of Indiana may now begin to believe that each adult can influence the course of government. If only a few indifferent citizens are converted to this belief, the close election will not have been wasted; and if all of them are, Indiana will be the proud possessor of the first truly American district.—*Baltimore Sun.*

PARKINS never was tired of prophesying calamities, and his friends were getting a bit fed up. Parkins had already predicted famine, and one day he remarked dolefully to a friend: "What would you say, my boy, if I were to tell you that in a short space of time the rivers of our country would all dry up?" "H'm—I should say," replied the friend, "Go thou and do likewise."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

AN official of the Civil Service Commission says that even the grave members of one examining board were amused by a certain answer in a set of examination papers. The question was: "Give for any one year the number of bales of cotton exported from the United States." The answer given was: "1492, none." —*Harper's Magazine.*

A CERTAIN canny Scot man had carried on a courtship of long duration without definitely committing himself. The girl gave no sign until one day her tardy lover, thumbing a small notebook, said: "Maggie, I hae been weighin' up your guid points an' I hae already got to ten. When I get a dozen I'm gaein' to ask ye the fatal question." "Well, I wish ye luck, Jock," answered the maiden. "I hae also gotten a wee book, an' I've been puttin' doon your bad points. There are nineteen in it a'ready; an' when it reaches the score I'm gaein' to accept the blacksmith."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

THE snow birds twittered on the beechen bough,
And 'neath the hemlock, whose thick branches bent
Beneath its bright cold burden, and kept dry
A circle, on the earth, of withered leaves,
The partridge found a shelter.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

O GOD, our Ever-living Refuge! With grateful hearts we lay at thy feet the folded hours when thou knowest us but we know not thee; and with joy receive from thy hand once more our open task and conscious communion with thy life and thought. Day by day liken us more to the spirits of the departed wise and good; and fit us in our generation to carry on their work below till we are ready for more perfect union with them above. And if ever we faint under any appointed cross and say, "It is too hard to bear," may we look to the steps of the Man of Sorrows toiling on to Calvary, and pass freely into thy hand, and become one with Him and Thee. Dedicate us to the joyful service of Thy will; and own us as Thy children in time and in eternity. Amen.

—*James Martineau.*

In her country house Mrs. X has a number of old fashioned open fireplaces. One chilly day she asked her new maid to make a fire in the drawing room, and entering a few minutes later she saw Hannah hopelessly contemplating the andirons, tongs, etc.

"Have you never made a fire before?" Mrs. X asked somewhat sharply.

"Well, ma'am, I ain't never made what yo' call a refined fire—no, ma'am!" was the puzzled reply.

"I once tried to teach a little Alabama boy to speak pure English," writes Octavus Roy Cohen. "I'll never forget the despairing way he said to me at the end of the thirtieth or fortieth lesson: 'Dey aren't no "aint you," is dey? It's "aren't you," aint it?'"

They helped everyone his neighbor, and everyone said to his brother, Be of good courage. —*Isaiah xli: 6.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper,* fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc.,* also *letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.,* should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters asking for music* and *letters offering music* should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, at 4 East 88th St., New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Ave. and 20th St., New York City.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 26 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and forty-nine libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

Notice to those who give:—

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

To those who receive:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

THE RUMFORD PRESS, CONCORD